

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

What She Hears and Sees.

Our summer joys we cannot praise
Save faintly, it would seem.
On hottest days we had nought but
Cold comfort in ice-cream.

I really don't know whether to be "hoped up" about men this season, or married. I don't know whether they're becoming effeminate, or merely more sane. Frankly, men have always been puzzles to me. I've recognized in a dim sort of a way that they're human; but how can one have any sort of an understanding of beings who admit of no derbies hats? How can one imagine what the world looks like to a creature who thinks that a shiny black silk hat adds to his beauty? I've always imagined that the real reason at the basis of the custom of a man's taking his hat off when he meets a woman is a sort of subconscious realization on his part that he doesn't look quite human to a woman with his hat on. It is an attempt on his part to put away something which she can neither understand nor admire, a something which, in fact, has for ages kept men and women from understanding each other. Until this season a man's straw hat has been as strange a thing to women as his winter hat coverings. It was stiff and heavy, the merest mockery of a straw hat; worn not because it was cool and comfortable, but, like all the rest of man's dress, because other men and Mr. Grundy wore it.

But, look you; this season, men are wearing things that women recognize as hats at first glance. I know ten men who go about in leghorn hats. In other years, half a century of them at least, only women have worn leghorns. There is something profoundly significant in this fact that men have branched out in this way. It may be the morning of a new era, of which the masculine shirt waist heralded the dawn. Colored ribbons appear on many of these leghorn hats, and a man may wear his crown creased or dented, and his brim turned up at any angle he chooses. He is no longer bound to look precisely like every other man in his hat. By another year he may even be pinning a bunch of flowers to it. What humanity has always lacked is a real band of sympathy between the sexes, a common interest, a mutual understanding. It is a lack which the leghorn supplies. Hats are one subject on which men and women can hereafter think alike, and once they meet on common ground, who can tell what the outcome will be? The leghorn hat is the most important thing that has happened since I can remember. No man can be a puzzle to a woman when he wears a leghorn hat.

There is, by the way, one less hat in town than there was a fortnight ago, and the departed hat was a leghorn. It belonged to a woman who lives on the second floor of a tall apartment house; and while she knows what became of her belongings, she doesn't guess who is responsible for its loss.

"I did it," says the woman who lives on the fifth floor, "and if she weren't a friend of mine I'd have moral courage enough to tell her. As it is, I don't dare. You can't tell what she'd do. Last time I saw her I was going out the front door with a big traveling bag in my hand. I told her I was going over to Belmont, and so I was going to get an old clock from an aunt of mine over there, and I was going to bring it home in my big bag. On the way to the station I changed my mind and decided I didn't want the clock after all, so I went to market. I bought some plants in pots and put them in my bag, thinking I'd fix up a lovely window-box for myself. When I got home I set the plants in a row on the window ledge to see how they'd look, and before I had time to get the effect one geranium fell off. I peeked out, and, my goodness, that woman on the second floor had put a hat on her window ledge to bleach, and it and my geranium were mixed up in the back yard, both of them wrecks. I jerked the rest of the pots out, and then I went and listened down the dumb waiter. Whenever anything happens in an apartment house that's the thing to do. You can hear people telling the janitor about it. I heard the second floor woman say:

"I wish you'd go up and tell those people above me to stop throwing flower pots on my hat."

"What people?" asked the janitor. "I don't know," she answered. "Somebody that has flowers—the same ones that dropped a rubber plant on my aquarium last week. You've got to find out who they are and make them pay for my hat. I can't stand it."

I can picture the janitor getting ready to search the house, and I didn't answer when my dumb waiter whistle blew. I heard everybody on that shaft deny owning flower pots.

"You can come up and search my flat, if you don't believe it," the top floor woman called down.

Then I chimed in.

"You can search my flat, too, and I jammed the geraniums into my bag and hid it under my bed. After dark I went out and dumped those flowers into a vacant lot. The second floor woman said she'd have the gully person arrested, and I know she would if she could; she's so vindictive. I went down a night or two afterward and stuck an envelope with money in it under her door. That'll pay for the hat, but it won't pay for my feelings. I've got to go around knowing I'm a criminal till I die."

There's a small boy in a street in the edge of town who has been a source of much annoyance to motorists. No sensible chauffeur wants to run over a boy in a frequent street, and that boy knows it. Baiting automobiles has been his pastime. He stands in the middle of the roadway and does not heed the warning horns. You've got to turn out suddenly to avoid that boy, and then you hear his yell of derision. The only reason why he hasn't been killed long ago is that people seldom have their wishes granted. He has been cursed and glared at, but he only hoots and goes on being a nuisance. Last Tuesday he danced madly in front of a runabout driven by a not very expert woman. She turned out so suddenly that her machine went wobbling for a sickening second, and the boy laughed. It was too much for the woman. She sprang out of the runabout and grabbed the little fellow. I wish everybody in town whom that boy has annoyed had been there for the spanking she gave him was worth going miles to see. She lammed him and shook him and pounded him, and she uttered not a word. He may give other automobile people heart failure hereafter, but when he sees a runabout driven by a woman I'm perfectly sure he'll run.

The woman at the next table had a most commendable faith, even if her grasp of the language wasn't quite firm. "It seemed providential," I heard her say. "And it shows how true it is that

the hand of the Lord directs everything in the universe. Even the wind blows where it is listed."

One of the things she had been telling was about a nephew of a soldier's life is at a militia camp somewhere in New York. His name, I gathered, is George; and it seemed to her providential that he should have been away from home at that particular time, because the plastering fell in his room, and if he'd been at home and in bed at four o'clock in the afternoon he'd certainly have been injured. As it was, life in camp wasn't without some dangers.

"His mother worried a lot because the weather was so bad, and George takes cold so easily," said his aunt. "He wrote that he'd been out on guard duty all night in the rain, but of course, his rubber pontoon kept him from getting wet."

"I suppose every woman of us has her Mrs. Biggs," says a young matron. "The only comfort is that every one of us is Mrs. Biggs to somebody else. My Mrs. Biggs ruled me for two years. She was the woman my first cook worked for before she came to me. I never saw her, but I know what she wore, and what she thought, and what she said, and what she had things done. When I first went to housekeeping I wanted sweeping done on Wednesday. Cook told me Mrs. Biggs always had the house swept on Saturday, and Mrs. Biggs' reasons for the procedure were beyond question good. We had the table set a la Biggs, and the table linen folded in the Biggs way. There was starch in my blouses because Mrs. Biggs preferred it should be there, and the sofa pillows were set on their corners because Mrs. Biggs liked them so. Protest? What good did it do to

things is simply ridiculous. She almost went crazy when she saw a litter of little pigs in Cy's barnyard and called them 'cunnin' and took pictures of them with a picture box she brought along with her. She also tried to take a picture of Miss Amelia Tucker, our leading society queen, on the street but Amelia fooled her by turning around and walking the other direction. As far as Amelia is concerned when she gets dressed up the other girl from the city can't hold a candle to her.

The mother of the family is proud and haughty and don't seem to care anything for our women folks. In fact she ain't called on any of them as yet and there is considerable feeling against her for it. As for the dog he is laid up recovering from a drubbing he got from Wes Woodruff's bound dog. This floor-mop of a dog hadn't been in Bingville two hours until he tackled Wes's bound dog and the bound dog hit him down and most shook the daylight outen him and probably won't be shaking him yet if the daughter hadn't of come running with that red sweater on her and her hair flying and when the bound seen her coming he dropped the little dog and lit out with his tail between his legs most scared to death and licked it home and run under the barn and it was two days before Wes could get him to come out for something to eat and Wes says he calculates that bound dog was a good coon dog and was gun-broke now has his spirit broke and is ruined forever he is that timid and shy.

We say the city for city folks and Bingville for Bingvillians.

We wrote a editorial some time ago about the advisability as to whether or not the folks of Bingville and surrounding adjacent territory to the town should or not keep summer boarders this summer and we believed we voiced the sentiments of our intelligent populace when we said that they should not. We pointed out the fact that in return for the money which summer boarders brings into our midst they are a source and expense in return for the \$3 or \$4 they spend for food & board per week than the \$3 or \$4 amounts to.

But in spite of the pertinent editorial which we have written on this subject we observe that Cy Hoskins who is one of our most respected and at the same time one of our most grumping and grasping and stingy citizens has took five summer boarders from the city for a period of two weeks who are now in our midst and have almost become a menace to the neighborhood. They consist of a whole entire family consisting of the father and mother, a son who is about 18 years old a daughter who is about 10 years old and a dog the like of which we never before saw in this region. The dog looks more like a floor-mop than anything we can think of. This family has now been at Cy's a week and in that time they have made themselves so obnoxious to our citizens that there is considerable feeling against them.

The father is the most decent citizen of the lot. He mingles freely with our townsmen and converses with them about crops, et cetera, but as for the rest of them including the dog, they are a failure and don't seem to mix very well with Bingville folks. The son for instance is a over-dressed young man who wears a white flannel suit and a red necktie and white shoes and a straw hat with a red and white band around it and smokes cigarettes and spends his evenings in Hen Weatherly's store listening to the conversation and giggling to himself. What he is laughing at we have no idea. One day last week while this young chap and his sister were out driving through town they met Deacon Tucker in his backroad. The Deacon was asleep at the time and his old ranc was just barely moving along in the middle of the road which was narrow at the point where they passed. The young chap hollered and woke up the Deacon and called him a old Rubie and asked him why the thunderation he didn't turn out and give up half the road. The Deacon didn't turn out immediately, but he got outen his buggy and asked him what he meant by calling him a old Rubie and the fellow said that a old Rubie meant a estimable citizen of Bingville. Then the Deacon apologized and since then he thinks pretty well of summer boarders and has hinted that it would please him a good deal more if folks here at home would call him a old Rubie more than they do.

The young daughter of the family is a nice enough looking girl if she would only go a little better dressed—she wears a red wool sweater and what she calls tennis shoes and don't wear no hat and the fuss she makes over some

protest? Mrs. Biggs was an excellent housekeeper, and set in her ways. Cook would say:

"Certainly, ma'am, if you likes it that way, but I done for Miz Biggs four years, and she always—and that settled it. Mrs. Biggs bossed us. We didn't like her—for who loves his tyrant?—but we feared her, and we hadn't conceit enough to fancy we knew better than she did. We knew we didn't. She ruled us for three years, and a most competent person she was. The cook got married and we had several successors in the course of years. Yesterday I met a very charming woman at the house of a friend."

"I've heard so much of you I feel as if I know you," said Mrs. Biggs, telling me how you had things done, and I've tried, I've really tried to live up to you, but I'm woefully afraid I don't succeed."

Her blouse had no starch in it, and I couldn't help wondering whether it was starchless because she wanted it so, or because I preferred lingerie things unstarched. I was her Mrs. Biggs, you see."

I am not at all sure that the widespread use of cut-paper patterns isn't a bad thing for the feminine mind. Your cut paper pattern leaves nothing at all for your imagination to exercise itself on. You cut "exactly by the pattern," and if you don't forget to mark the places where the large single perforations tuck over to the row of small double perforations on the sixth row from the panel front on the left side, you can't help making something more or less resembling Ladies' Nineteen Four Skirt, No. 5,336. It's geometrical, the process, and impersonal as any other mathematical thing. That's why I doubt the ultimate value of it as intellectual training. But yesterday I met a woman who has always impressed me as possessing quite the average amount of brain. She was in a tremendous hurry. "It's so awfully annoying," she said. "There I was at home, expecting a put in the day making myself a gingham skirt. I cut it all out, and then I found I'd lost the pattern for the ruffles—it's going to have three ruffles—and down I had to come to buy another pattern."

"What kind of ruffles?" I asked, wondering why one needed a pattern for a ruffle.

"Oh, not straight ones," she said. "If they'd been that, I could have torn them off. They're bias ruffles, and, of course, I had to have a pattern. You can't tear off bias ruffles, you know."

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NAMES OF OUR PRESIDENTS

New Way Discovered of Figuring Out Candidates' Chances.

Our Four One-syllable Ones—We Never Had a Joseph, but There Have Been Five James.

"Ever down in Anne Arundel County, Md.?" Inquired a returned traveler of his chum. "Clever yeamany down that way, but a bit odd until you get well acquainted," says a writer in the New York Sun.

"While I was waiting in one of the villages for a conveyance to take me into the interior the old storekeeper bantered me for a game of checkers. I hadn't played it in forty years, but I played to accommodate the old man."

"I soon found that he didn't care so much about checkers as about politics. Every other move he made was accompanied by a question or remark. He asked me if I thought Judge Gray, of Delaware, had any show for the nomination in the Democratic National Convention. I didn't know."

"It's got one advantage to start on," said my competitor, as he jumped my checker. "He ain't got no middle name I reckon," he said, as he made a shove toward the king row, "that you know that most of the Presidents we've had had no middle names."

"If I had ever heard that I had forgotten it. Then he recited off the list from Washington to Roosevelt, and the result was that eighteen, not including Cleveland, had no middle names."

"I don't remember what I said, but whatever it was brought out another fact which I had failed to notice."

"Still, he's got a handicap," said the old player, "for there's but one available in his family name. Don't know as you've noticed it, but in the bunch of Presidents from start to finish we've had only four one-syllable Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Pierce, and Taft has as good a show as Gray," I said.

"By the same token, yes. But his first

name is William, and we've had but two Williams in the White House. One died after he had been President only a month and the other was assassinated. But I'm not superstitious, are you?"

"Knox is a one-syllable man," I said, to draw out my friend.

"Yes, but Philander as a front name to a President would be as odd as Zachary. And you know what happened to him. And if he should get it somebody'd call him Phil. That wouldn't do."

"We've never had a Joseph," I said, in order to give Mr. Cannon a show in the game.

"That's right. Did you move? Neither did we ever have a Charles. Charles is not a good one to conjure with. Please crown my man. Besides," he added, "there's never been a President, except one, who got in from the Vice Presidency after the death of the President, whose name began with F."

"By this time I had concluded that my Anne Arundel friend had a box of goods that would be interesting, and I asked him what given name had been most frequent in the Presidential line. Instantly he replied, James. There were five Jameses, beginning with Madison."

"And how about the others?"

"John comes next. There were three, the first being Adams. And the second was his son, J. Q. Tyler was the last J President we had."

"I don't think my competitor at the board meant to be funny. He beat me out, and as we were arranging for another game, he said, as he bit off a big chew:

"And after the two Williams, Harrison and McKinley, and the two Andrews, Jackson and Johnson, no given names were ever duplicated in the White House. The letters that the Presidency has skipped are D, E, I, K, N, Q, S, U, X, Y, Z. That's eleven, ain't it? The favorite has been J. It was in four times, A, H, and M were in three times, G, P, and T twice. All the others, except the eleven I named, were in once each."

"My rig had called for me and I bade my informant adieu. As I was leaving he said, 'Hope your trip to Anne Arundel will enable you to pick the nominees next year.'"

WOULD PLEASE DEMOCRATS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

It would please plenty of Democrats if Bryan were as much opposed to a first term as he declares himself to be to a second and third term.

Several persons attended the public auction at Lige Cooper's place two miles west of Bingville last Saturday. Lige he got into the hands of the sheriff and has went up the spout as you might say. We know how Lige must feel and we sympathize with him because we ourselves, as editor and Prop. of the Bugle have blamed near been in the hands of the sheriff a couple of times during our proprietorship of the Bugle and are liable to be there again unless some of our subscribers pays up their back subscriptions.

The roads are still muddy in places. There are several bad bog holes between here and the Co. seat that ought to be looked after by the road commissioners. In some places where these holes are deep the fences have been laid down and teams are driving around through the fields.

Doc Livermore desires us to state that he will buy a few old bottles from those who have old bottles for sale at the rate of 5 cts. per doz. Hereafter Doc has never paid more than 1 ct. per doz. for old bottles. He wants them to put horse & human medicine into. If you have any old bottles for sale see Doc. (Adv.)

(N. R.—Please give me credit on acct. Doc.)

Jabe Tucker is getting ready to shingle his roof next week and has employed Lem Brown, our expert carpenter to do the work. Jabe is also going to have his hair shingled. He has not had his hair shingled since last fall and it is getting so long that it almost annoys him.

Simon Watkins purchased 2 bu. of seed corn from Cy Hoskins last week paying Cy. \$1. per bu. for same being as it is a fancy variety of corn and grows awfully big ears. Sim has had luck with the crows stealing his corn this spring and is a little late in planting some of his patches.

We have not had no fire alarms in our midst for a spell back for which we are devoutly thankful, and yet at the same time it would be just as well to have a small fire once in a while so as to keep our brave firemen in the Bingville. (Adv.)

Alonso Skillings of Calamity Corners dropped into our midst one day last week with a pair of horse radish that was selling from house to house at 5 cts. per pint. This seems a pretty steep price for horse radish but that which Alonso had was terrible stout. We purchased a pint of it and first time we tried it we got a little too much and our eyes watered for an hour.

Miss Sally Hoskins, our poem writer took a walk into the woods by herself last Sunday. Sally likes to go out a lone where she can commune with nature as you might say and get inspiration.

These are all the pertinent personals we can think of at this writing.

Wanted Two Pigs

I would like to buy a couple of fair sized pigs so as to fat them up and salt them down for salt pork for use next winter. I ain't particular about paying a great deal for these pigs, not more than \$2. or \$3. dollars at the most because money is very scarce with me at the present time.

HIRAM QUINBY.

Bingville.

"BEST BRAND" OF LOVE

CONFESSIONS OF A DEBUTANTE.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Of course," said KITTY, trailing her fingers thoughtfully in the water as the canoe sped downstream, "if I marry him all this—that is, everything—must end, Mr. Curtis."

"Everything usually does end," I agreed grumbling, giving the paddle a vigorous lunge, "especially everything nice, like youth and love and patience and fun, and—dinner."

Kitty lifted her fingers between us and regarded her glistening rings in the moonlight. I fancied I caught the glint of a smile in her eyes, but her lips were very firm.

"I wish," she complained gently, "that you would take it seriously."

"What?" I inquired obstinately. "The canoe, or the moonlight, or the fact that mother is going to marry you to a man twice your age, with a coronet on his nose and a wart on his nose and a growth on his conscience?"

"Mama says I will learn to love him," protested Kitty cheerfully.

"Naturally," I retorted. "That's the brand they always offer in such cases."

"The what, Mr. Curtis?"

"The ready-made brand of love," I explained, "which mothers cut and dry and do up in airtight packages for their daughters when they marry them off to broken-down castles or tainted money bags. It's the kind the Duchess of Marlborough and Countess of Castellan traded—and found so unpalatable."

"It sounds," remarked Kitty, reflectively, "as if it ought to 'keep well.'"

"But it never does," I returned promptly. "Sooner or later it is bound to turn sour, or bitter, or stale, or to pall on the palate, and even at the best it's tasteless."

"And it usually ends in a divorce,"

Happy Though Married

To all such I say get a divorce and become separated. Sometimes it's the wife's fault and sometimes it's the husband's, but that doesn't make no difference to me—I can get a divorce no matter whose fault it is. Then if they try the divorce a while and it don't suit them

I WILL MARRY THEM AGAIN FOR HALF PRICE

This is cheaper than you can get married by the Rev. Samuel Moore, our beloved pastor, but being as I and a J. of the P. I. and make as good a job of it as he can and let the knot just as tight. Q's me a call when you want anything in the marriage or divorce line.

I ALSO SETTLE UP ESTATES THAT NEED SETTLING

And insure people's lives, having saved a great many lives in this way. I will also write your will for you if you desire it, write.

In Fock I Conduct a General Law Business

Amos Hillyer

Appel Baris for Sail

Appels Wont Keep

inspeckt these baris

Hen Weathersby

After the Oklahoma Primaries.

From the Oklahoma Post.

We fall to see where any solace is derived from the lines, "It's better to have run and lost than never to have run at all."

"Yes," said Kitty, "or half-baked or ready-made or anything in the world but the very best brand!"

"Just as good!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

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